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# ally sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. XI.—No. 584.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1894.

[ONE PENNY.]



## SLOPER'S LATEST FAD.

"Poor Pa seems determined to push his 'Christmas Holidays' this year at every opportunity, so you will not be surprised to learn that he has taken up a prominent position at the Cattle Show even before the latter has been opened to the general public. The maxim which he has adopted this year is that to grow fat it is necessary to laugh, and to laugh everyone must take in 'Ally Slopers Christmas Holidays.' In order to illustrate this idea, Dad has pressed into his service two fat pigs and the Hon. Billy, and I understand that the quartette will form the chief feature of the Cattle Show next week."—TOOTSIE.

## MORE POLICE "INTELLIGENCE." (With the accent on!)



The Amalgamated Chestnut Vigilance Society having complained to the authorities of the daring and open manner in which floods of wit and humour constantly issue from the portals of "The Slopers," a well-planned police raid was made last night upon this Temple of Mimus.

But "spoof" was the word! All they discovered was the Grand Old Joker and I. Moses, Esq., trying an ultra-Puritanic-Teetotal duet (words by Sir W. Lawson, music by Mrs. O. Chant). Needless to say, the application of the most powerful microscope failed to discover the faintest trace of humour in this charming composition.

## THE TEMPLE GHOST.

In Sir Jonah Barrington's entertaining "Recollections" he tells a curious story relating to the murder of one Captain O'Flaherty.

Captain O'Flaherty, a most respectable gentleman, (he says), resided in Clare Street, Dublin, some time about 1780. He employed a man named Lanegan as tutor to his sons, but after some little time Lanegan became more attentive to Mrs. O'Flaherty, the mother, than to the boys. Lanegan was sent by this woman to purchase at several apothecaries' shops a very little stuff to kill rats with, until they ultimately procured a sufficient quantity to kill not only rats, but the husband into the bargain, by giving the unfortunate Captain a rice pudding for his dinner.

The Captain was found dead in bed, and suspicions were aroused by the appearance of the body. An inquest was held, at which it was clearly proved that the deceased had been poisoned by arsenic. The guilty couple took flight, and very soon Mrs. O'Flaherty determined to give Lanegan up to justice, and, if possible, save her own neck. Arriving in a post-chaise at the town of Gowran, County Kilkenny, she persuaded him to give himself up to a magistrate. "Do you," said she, "go up first, put on a bold face, assure him of your entire innocence, and say that as infamous and false reports have been spread, both of yourself and me, you came expressly to surrender and take your trial, and that you could not live in society under such vile imputations. Say,

also, that you hear Mrs. O'Flaherty intends likewise to surrender herself in the evening, and request that he may be at home to receive her."

Lanegan guilelessly followed these instructions, and was duly locked up. The magistrate then awaited the arrival of Mrs. O'Flaherty, but as she did not turn up, he inquired about her at his porter's lodge. There he learnt that Lanegan and a lady had arrived at the lodge in the morning, and that the lady had driven away. It now became evident that Lanegan had been telling lies, and he was taken to Dublin, indicted for murder, and the proofs of his guilt being strong against him, he was sentenced to be "hanged and quartered." Mrs. O'Flaherty meanwhile escaped, and was never heard of afterwards.

The dreadful process of "quartering" has been before described, but it may be repeated here that the culprit was taken down before he was dead and his limbs separated from his body. In this case he was hanged for a short time, a cut made on each limb, and the body delivered up to his mother for burial.

And now comes the strange part of the story. "A Templar and a friend of mine," says Sir Jonah, "Mr. David Lander, a soft, fat, good-humoured, superstitious young fellow, was sitting in his lodgings in Devereux Court one evening at twilight. I was with him, and while laughing loudly at some remark made by one of us, my back being turned towards the door, I perceived my friend's colour suddenly change—his eyes seemed ready to start out of his head, his lips quivered convulsively, his teeth chattered, large drops of perspiration flowed down his forehead, and his hair stood nearly erect."

Turning round, Barrington was somewhat startled to see a gaunt, ill-clad figure with haggard unshaven face, and to hear a croaking voice exclaim, "Don't be frightened, sure 'tis me that's here." It was, in truth, the man who had been "hanged and quartered."

After being duly hanged the Sheriff had delivered his body to his mother, but not until the executioner, as has been already stated, had given a cut on each limb to save the law; which cuts bled profusely, and probably saved his life. His mother put him into bed, dressed his wounds, rubbed his neck with hot vinegar, and poured hot brandy and water down his throat. In the course of an hour he was quite sensible, but felt horrid pains for several weeks until his final recovery. His mother filled the coffin he was brought home in with bricks, and got some men to bury it the same night in Kilmainham churchyard, as if ashamed to inter him in open day.

For a long while he was unable to depart, and every moment dreaded discovery, but at length got off in a smuggling boat, and found his way to the chambers of Mr. Lander, an old pupil of his. Mr. Lander, though he did not half like it, let the poor wretch sit in his room till next evening, when he sent him off by coach en route to the Monastery of La Trappe, into which he was received, and where he died.

#### LATEST.

The moth blone fassle av bin avin a fue wurdz with ma. Kumm in he arsk for arferkrown. Ma sai she avent gott itt. The Mildew mossileum sa' Wares the depossitt the lodger pal. Ma sai i didnt talk nun as he ad such evy luggidge. Then the toterin tower giv wai too expreshins the Marster printer he don't no how to spel.

(Next week, "The Crimes of Paris.")

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\* \* Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

Very sorry, WINNIE BURTON; He must be a perfect brute. SLOPER's beauty. CORRIANA, Ia, we think, beyond dispute. Quite another thing, A READER. Pray forgive him, A. H. J. Glad to do it, IN EXTREMIS; But we do not see the way. Not at all, ANOTHER FELLOW; You may do so if you please. Anyone will tell you, ARCHIE, It's a thing that's learnt with ease. Sorry, but at present, NEDDY, We have little space to spare. Pay upon the balance, JARVIS; That, we think, is only fair.

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#### JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

Overheard Outside St. James's Hall on Sunday Evening a few weeks ago.

Struggling Member of British Public. Here, I say, I want to get in to hear Mrs. Orniston Chant.

Stern but Courteous Doorkeeper. Quite impossible, sir. The Hall's full, staircase crowded, and landing overflowing.

Outside Member of British Public. Never mind, old man, let's go to church and hear somebody else Chant.

"MAID of Fashion, ere we part"—  
And the salesman pressed his heart—  
"Hear, oh, hear my anguished plea:  
Buy this winter dress from me!"

First Man. Flinger throws his money about like a madman—I really believe he's half cracked.  
Second Man. Very probably. He's three parts broke, anyhow.

Son. Ah, but you don't know her, father; she's a capital woman, I assure you.

Parent. I don't dispute it, my boy; but you'll have to marry a woman of capital.



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.

No. 554.—The "Poor Papa's Extra Special Messenger" Costume.



GOING OUT FOR A BLOW.

"He's a very good boy—but he's slow."  
"Aw—you can soon make him fast, don'tcher know. Don't feel him."



Alice. I have had four proposals to-night.  
Rose. Indeed! How sad! It is strange how dreadfully persistent one man can be.



AUTHORS—AUTHENTIC.  
No. 35.—Sir John Lubbock.

Mr. Bragwig was so disgusted with his want of practice at the bar that he threw up the only brief he ever had.

At the Bail.  
His Partner. Dear me, Mr. Lappitup, what is the matter—how very pale you look?  
He (who has visited the refreshment bar too often). Oh, I'm all right, thanks—his—it's that—his!—sea-green dress of yoursh makes me feel bad. Never could stand the sea, you know.

THERE are some things in this world that can never be contented. When Popsey Tippetoe joined the Star Orient Burlesque Company and went to India and happened to go out bathing, there was a tame crocodile seen standing on the river mud shedding tears of agony because she was that plump he couldn't get her down at one bite.

First Friend. How's Duffly getting on, do you know? Is he still in the profession?

Second Friend. Well, not exactly; he failed on the stage, so he's started as an entertainer with life-like imitations of leading actors.

IN the bygone years the murderer Cain  
To the Land of Nod did flee:  
But seekers of knowledge have asked in vain  
Where the Land of Nod may be.  
So we hazard a guess that Cain went out,  
On a Sabbath morning fair,  
To some parish church: for there's not a doubt  
That the Land of Nod is there!

Supercilious Young Plutocrat. You are an awfully jolly girl, don't yer know, Miss Flighty, but—er—er—you have one great failing.

Miss Flighty (calmly). Indeed! Only one? And what is that, pray?

Supercilious Young Plutocrat. Why, you never seem to know what to do with your hands, don't yer know. He, he, he!

Miss Flighty. You are quite wrong. I can assure you; I know perfectly well what to do with them. My left hand I shall give to the man whom I love when he asks me to marry him, and my right hand I shall use to box your ears for your impertinence.

(Suits the action to the words.)

Tompkins. Look here, old man, you have knocked about a bit and now tell us what you consider the greatest coincidence you ever met with?

Quiverful (gravely). Humph! The greatest coincidence I ever met with was the twins I found at home last night.

DEAR old Mrs. Clumberbump had her first experience with electricity the other evening, and, to use her own expressive but somewhat muddled description of it, "when she first saw the incandestine lamps, she was so admonished that she shook like an ashpans."

Country Thespian's Bride. I wish you wouldn't eat with your knife, dear. It is so vulgar.

Country Thespian. Very sorry, my dear, but the fact is I played the British sailor—who always appears with a pistol in each hand and a cutlass between his teeth—so long, that I got quite accustomed to the flavour of the steel.

I STARTED on a cycling run,  
To break the record I had vowed:  
But, now that my career is done,  
I'm not of mine achievement proud.

Three beldames' heads, two children's knees,  
One leg of one confounded mope,  
My bike, and eke mine ankle—these  
Comprise the record which I BROKE!

#### A Pub. Down Whitechapel Way.

Ingenuous Stranger. Er—er—where is—er—my parcel?

Barman. I dunno.

Ingenuous Stranger. But—er—you said I might leave it—er—on the bar in—er—this corner, don't you know?

Barman. Yes, but I didn't say you'd find it here when you come back.

The Coming Boy. I and Jack Brown had such a jolly lark to-day—

Father. You ought to say Jack and I.

The Coming Boy. But it wasn't Jack and you, and if I said that you'd give me a licking for telling lies. No, you don't, dad, not me.

"WOMEN and mirrors have many points of resemblance in common. They are both smooth on the surface, however rough they may be within. They both reflect their surroundings. They are both difficult to see through, and however hard they may appear there are very few good jewels that will not make an impression upon them.—SLOPER'S "Words of Wisdom."

First Young Matron. Well, and how do you like your new cook? Is she a success?

Second Young Matron. Anything but it, dear; there's only one thing she knows how to dish up.

First Young Matron. Indeed! what is that?

Second Young Matron. The kitchen accounts.

Sappy Sam (alluding to his partner's arm). What a lovely scarf that would make, Miss Charming.

Miss Charming. As far as you are concerned, Mr. Sappy, it would make a far better halter, I can assure you.

#### CHICAGOANS, proud of the wonderful way

Wherewithal (as a woodman piles logs)  
They keep piling spondulicks by pork-dealing, say  
That their city's the City of Hogs.

But they ought, in that special regard, to regard  
Old Chicago as gone to the dogs;  
For we guess she'll find London most deucedly hard  
To excel as the City of (F)Hogs!

He. How true it is that one half the world doesn't know how the other half lives.  
She. Yes, indeed!—and that half is the wives, and the other half the husbands.

"SHARPLEY's a knowing card, he's always got something up his sleeve."  
"I believe you; he had all four aces last time I played 'Nap' with him."

The Wife. What are you reading in the paper that makes you sigh like that, George—the deaths?  
The Husband. No, love—the marriages.  
[And once again the temperature registered zero.]

ONE PENNY. TO BE HAD EVERYWHERE.

## CHRISTMAS LARKS.

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TOOTSIE AT THE STRAND.

SOMEBODY has found out that it is bad taste for an actor to pretend to be himself upon the stage. Mr. Willie Edouin, some learned authority has decided, ought not to appear as Willie Edouin.



W. Edouin.

But there is nothing new in it. Wright and Paul Bedford played as Wright and Paul Bedford at the Adelphi. In a burlesque at the Princess's the first scene was laid in Brompton Square, where, at the time, lived Mr. and Mrs. Robert Keeley. Mr. Keeley was discovered strolling backwards and forwards upon the pavement, and Mrs. Keeley appeared at the window of their house. At the Olympic Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan appeared as themselves in a burlesque. Many other instances could be quoted. Nobody in those days saw any bad taste in the matter. They thought, on the contrary, it was good fun.

In *The Wrong Girl* Mr. Willie Edouin disguises himself as Mr. Blakeley, and a critic complains that he is not like enough. I don't, however, see that this is a very great fault, because he is only supposed to make up as near as he can. It is not a case of two Dromios. They were supposed to be, as were Harry Leigh's "Twins," exactly alike, and born so. The brothers Webb resembled one another to an extraordinary degree, and their performance was puzzling enough, but afterwards, at the Strand, the *Comedy of Errors* was not as well cast. The other day we heard something about Henry Irving making up as Napoleon. He will have to change a good deal. The late Henry Jackson was naturally like Napoleon. So was Henry Fauntleroy, Esq., the famous forger, who had his own bust and that of Napoleon placed side by side in his drawing-room at No. 6 Berners Street.

The plot of the play is in parts uncommonly improbable, but it is uncommonly funny. A play in which Mr. Willie Edouin, Mr. Blakeley, and Miss Fanny Brough take part is bound to have a few good laughs in it, and there are many in *The Wrong Girl*. Let me try and tell you the story, which is not very intricate. A young man by the name of Gladys, but his father wants him to marry instead another female person by the name of Eva, the daughter of an old friend by the name of Glenfield, whilst all the while she is in love with one Captain Harry Montague.

The Glenfields are coming home from India, and the idea is to disgust George's pa and make him break off the match. To this



Miss K. Lucille Foote.



Forbes Dawson.

end George induces our Willie and our Fanny to pretend that they are the Glenfields. Unfortunately for their little plan the real Glenfield turns up, and mistaking him for Willie, Miss Brough endeavours to tear the hair from his head under the impression that it is Willie's wig. That's about all the story. It is the business that is so funny.

Miss Brough is admirable, and Mr. Edouin and Mr. Blakeley very droll. Mr. Howard Russell is good as the parent, Mr. Philip Cunningham plays the son cleverly, Mr. Forbes Dawson is a capital captain, and Mr. Richard Blunt first rate. Miss Daisy Bryer is very nice. Miss K. Lucille Foote is splendidly dressed, and Miss Helen Creswell as usual acts carefully and well.

The piece is preceded by *The Queen's Prize*, in which some smartly-attired Amazons give us some idea of what the lady soldier is likely to be.

And why should it not all come true? Women before now have fought in battle. In the old parish church at Brighton you may find the gravestone of Phoebe Hessel, who was born at Stepney in the year 1713, and who served for many years as a private soldier in the 5th Regiment of Foot in different parts of Europe, and in 1745 fought under the command of the Duke of Cumberland at the battle of Fontenoy, where she received a bayonet wound in her arm. "Her long life," the tombstone says, "which commenced in the time of Queen Anne extended to the reign of George IV., by whose munificence she received comfort and support in her latter years."



Fannie Brough.



W. Blakeley.

those brave old Amazons, only you can't, as a rule, get dresses to wear silvery locks. You can't even induce them on the stage to figure as the mothers of grown-up girls. Off—well off is different.

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TESTIMONIALS.

14 Farnival's Inn, E.C., October 24th, 1894.  
Messrs. GURDEN & Co., 99 Shoe Lane, E.C.  
DEAR SIRS,—In asking you to send me another box of the SLOPER'S PILLS, I desire to state that I got the first box as an experiment, and although I am not able to say of my own knowledge that they will effect all that is claimed for them, I am bound to confess that when I feel seedy and off colour, that one of the pills, taken at night, invariably restores me to my normal condition by the morning, without any of that pain and discomfort incidental to the majority of medicines. I feel confident that the pills contain very valuable curative qualities. I enclose stamps to cover cost, and am, yours faithfully, L. M. MIDDLETON.

27 Claremont Terrace, Fratton, October 25th, 1894.  
DEAR SIRS,—Your SLOPER'S PILLS are really most excellent. I have been suffering from Sick-Headaches and Loss of Appetite. I found, after taking one box, a most wonderful difference. I shall always take them for the future, give them to my children, and recommend them to my friends. Faithfully yours, JESSIE SMART.

West Pier, Brighton, October 29th, 1894.  
SIRS,—Kindly send me two boxes of your SLOPER'S PILLS, as my wife and children have found great benefit from them, and says she would not like to be without them. They have saved my son a serious illness. Yours truly, E. POOLE.

4 and 6 Cannon Street, London, E.C., November 1st, 1894.  
Messrs. GURDEN & Co.  
GENTLEMEN,—It gives me very great pleasure in being able to write and say I have derived great benefit from your SLOPER'S PILLS: in fact, I might say, the cure has been almost a miracle, having been such a long sufferer with my liver, which is of a sluggish nature. Since I have commenced taking the pills, I feel quite a different man, and shall not hesitate in recommending your pills to all my friends. I may mention you can make what use you like of this letter. Yours faithfully, A. G. BATCOCK.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR  
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SEND 9½<sup>D</sup>. IN STAMPS TO

THE PROPRIETORS,  
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A REVERSED OPINION.

GATHER round the Sloperian fireside, little children—that's it, be careful you don't knock over the gin bottle—and take the cotton-wool out of your ears, for this is a highly moral story with a lesson tacked on to it.

Of all the spots in this great metropolis where hawkers of cheap fruit most do congregate, the dead wall of the Metropolitan railway, hard by Farringdon Street Station, easily captures the bun. And on numberless barrows and trucks down there just now are displayed great bunches of the juicy, succulent plantain of the West Indies, yclept the banana, the passer-by being solicited by the vendors to:

"Sort 'em out, wheer ye like, a penny for tew!"  
Well, some do, and some don't avail themselves of this privilege, but they were mostly hanging back the other afternoon, when a Sloper young man chanced to pass that way with a dear, good gentleman connected with the Don't-do-as-I-do-but-do-as-I-tell-you brigade.

"There now," said he, pointing to the overripe fruit on one of the barrows, "just look at those delicious bananas going a-begging at a halfpenny apiece, whilst the sellers of vile sweetstuff and filthy pastry are making a little fortune. It's all because we English don't know, and are too obstinate to learn, sir. This is a glorious fruit that they hardly know, and never will learn to appreciate. The banana is one of the greatest blessings that Providence has bestowed upon man, yet man won't avail himself of it. Do you know, sir, that there's more nutriment in one of those bananas than there is in a half-quarter loaf? Analysis has proved it. And there's not another fruit that grows that has more uses than this glorious specimen. It makes the finest sweetened flour in the world when dried by baking, the pulp, properly prepared, can be made into a beautiful beer that doesn't interfere with a young fellow wearing his blue ribbon, whilst the peel contains a substance that is invaluable to the manufacturer of marking ink. The best kinds of hair-dye are concocted from the juices of the stalk, and the leaves are used by the Indians in healing stonebruises and black eyes. Nor is this all: one of the finest makes of woollen cloth is woven out of the pith, and not long ago, when I was in—"

That was the last word he said just for a few seconds, for he'd trodden on an arc-shaped piece of pale golden-coloured peel, and was travelling on one heel and with arms extended in the direction of the kerbstone. But the peel travelled faster than he did, and, as it escaped from beneath his boot, he came down upon the stones with a fearful scrunch that nearly drove his spine up to the roof of his hat.

"D—those wretched bananas!" he ejaculated, as he picked himself together and limped off in the direction of a chemist's shop.

THE CHARMS OF THE COUNTRY.

It is in this month of the year more than any other that the conviction that our brethren who live in the country must have a rare old rollicking time of it forces itself upon us. With a jolly hard frost set in—no chance of hunting—the coverts shot last week—Darnleydeepville must be rather duller than the floodwater that remains in the cellar of the Blue Lion, as though it hourly expected the well-nigh bankrupt bung to turn it into the whisky. The ice on the pond is said to bear, but the young bloods of the village are loth to take it on trust, save for the sickly joy of seeing some old-standing nuisance—such as the new curate, or old Squire Turnipseed, with his foot-and-mouth statistics—fall in.

"Hang it all!" cries Bill, "let's do something for a change; 'pose we walk up to the station and see the afternoon train come in?"

"Nothing in that," growls Tom; "besides, it's only ten minutes' walk, an' the train ain't due for two hours."

"Well, for gracious sake!" yells Bill, in desperation, "cheer up. The Station Arms, opposite, is open. It'll be a change of liquor, anyhow; besides, the barmaid there squints with the other eye, and this one's conversation about the swine fever's getting a bit monotonous!"

It's rare fun, we can tell you; town life can't hold a candle to it!

HIS REVENGE.

Of course it was the girl's fault. It always is, you may have noticed, in cases of this sort. The world invariably says so, and we must allow that the world, in virtue of numbers and experience, ought to know what it's talking about.

In justice to Mr. St. John Bainbridge, we cannot say that he was any better or any worse than the majority of young men of his position. And Jessie? Well, Jessie was undoubtedly as pretty and modest a young person as you would find anywhere, and before the advent of the good-looking young sportsman who had put up at her father's inn for the hunting season, was in a state of blissful content with her position, her sweetheart and her surroundings in general. Jessie did the waiting. It was only a modest little country inn, but it was convenient for the meets, and Mr. St. John appeared anything but dissatisfied with his quarters. It must be owned that Jessie certainly did take an unnecessarily long time clearing away his meals, but then the guest was so delightfully affable, and would chat so cleverly of the delights of London, the joys of travel, and other things that, poor little girl, she couldn't tear herself away. She even began to think that such beauty—Mr. Bainbridge had told her she was beautiful—was wasted in such a sleepy little hole—another of Mr. B.'s expressions, this. She began to give herself airs when she went to church on Sunday, and the simple folks of the village were quick to notice it. Among them was Mat Lucas, the signalman, who had hitherto enjoyed the distinction of "keeping company" with pretty Jessie.

"Jessie, lass," he said bluntly when she turned up at their trysting place one afternoon at least an hour late, "what's coom to ye lately, ye seem changed, an' an' distant loike and cold, an'—dang it, lass, ye're not what ye were to me."

"I'm not aware that I've given you any cause for complaint," Mr. Lucas said foolishly, little Jessie, stiffly. "And if my ways are not to your fancy you needn't trouble to meet me any more, for there's plenty as think differently."

"There, there, my lass, don't take on so, pray," said poor Lucas, "and, Jessie, I'm Mat to you, dear, just plain Mat. I can't bear ye to mister me."

But a wicked little fiend of Temper possessed Jessie that afternoon, and she tossed up her head indignantly.

"It don't interest me whether you can bear it or not," she responded angrily, "you're a great deal too familiar for my liking, Mr. Lucas, and take too much upon yourself, and I wish you good afternoon." And with her little nose in the air Jessie stalked proudly away.

Her lover looked after her with a pained and astonished expression. "What's coom to the lass?" he muttered. "Dang me!" he exclaimed, as a thought appeared to strike him, "if I thought that there London chap was foolin' her, I—I'd kill him."

A week later Jessie and Mr. St. John Bainbridge stood upon the little road-side station awaiting the last up train. Nobody recognized them, for they had taken the precaution of going to another station, seven miles distant from the village. But as Fate

—or the signals had it, the train slowed up as it passed the box where Mat Lucas was on duty, and just as it moved off again, he caught a glimpse, brief, but convincing, of the eloping pair.

At that instant the electric bell warned him that the express had left the junction six miles away, and the Devil entered his heart. "Don't shunt the slow train," whispered the Tempter, "but signal the line clear. They're in the end carriage almost. Only pull that lever and revenge is yours."

It was an awful accident, and the signalman, who had forgotten to shunt the slow train, came in for a good deal of abuse and not a little sympathy. It was noticed his hair had quite blanched. Folks said it was remorse. Perhaps it was.



Awaiting the last up train.



Tramp (pocketing half-crown). Yes, sir, I wore the Queen's uniform ever so long.  
Old Genl. Dear, dear, how shocking! And where did you serve, my poor man?  
Tramp. At Holloway, sir.



He. Miss Grey looks quite bright in her place-net, does she not?  
She. Yes; quite complete, painted and glazed.



A NAVAL ENGAGEMENT.  
And it finished in a blowing up, as usual.



"Our Society for the Subjection of the Male Sex is growing rapidly. We have already about five hundred members, but, strange to say, every one of them are old maids of about sixty."—Extract from Letter of Young Lady.

\* Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.

### TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



NO. 368.—MISS OLIVE MATHEWS.

"Say, say, beloved, wilt thou be my bride?" — *The Duck Snoot.*  
"I lay my heart and fortune at her feet." — *Lord Bob.*  
"What perfect loveliness and grace; how fair a form, how sweet a face." — *The Hon. Billy.*



After owing adieu to the Master of the Mint (vid. last week's interview), A. SLOPER thought, being in the neighbourhood, he might just as well go to St. George's Street and give his friend, Albert E. Jamrach, a turn. "Well, Mr. SLOPER," said that gentleman, "what can I do for you? I have just received a large consignment of Bengal Tigers suitable for Christmas presents. Tarantula spiders are cheap to-day, or can I tempt you with a great salamander or devil fish?" "Thank you, no!" replied A. SLOPER, adroitly dodging the ponderous beak of a tucan, which appeared to take a lively interest in the Eminent's classical boko; "I have only come to have a look round." "All right," said Mr. Jamrach. "Now, this telescope fish from Japan—observe its immense length—is produced by breeding on the principle of artificial selection; the same, too, with this white Java sparrow, originally a grey bird, kept in a white cage in a white room, and attended by a person dressed in white; likewise the Japanese long-tailed domestic cock, they put him on a high perch and with weights drag the tail down. That little bird is a mynah, from India; the natives teach it to repeat their prayers for them." At that moment, unheeding shrieks of laughter rent the air. "Good gracious! what's that?" cried A. SLOPER.

"Only the laughing jackass smiling," replied Mr. Jamrach, seizing an enormous serpent round the neck. (1) "What do you think of this anaconda—the deadly anaconda as it is sometimes called?—will kill and devour a tiger—just feel the weight of him." "Will he bite?" asked A. SLOPER. "Have your head off in a jiffy if you're not careful." Just then the reptile opened his mouth; Mr. Jamrach said it was merely gaping, but A. SLOPER observed that it had just occurred to him that he had a particular appointment in Shoe Lane, and came away. He is now making a zoological collection on the artificial selection lay. (2) A laughing jackass—friend of Alexandry's, who made its acquaintance at a music-hall; the ears are getting on after the long-tailed cook method. A. SLOPER keeps it in position by constantly dosing it with bad bitter ale and cheap cigarettes. (3) The kipperscope fish—(4) The twin Ginetta, under the process of being turned into a little nigger on the same principle as the white Java sparrow; in this case, black surroundings are obtained in the coal cellar. (5) A London sparrow taught to deliver A. SLOPER'S speeches in Parliament while he is otherwise employed. Jamrach has promised to come and see this collection.

### THE LAIRD CARRIES OOT A CHRISTIAN DUTY DURIN' THE FROST.



(1) "McSwine," said the Laird last Saturday eve, "if the Lord Himself disna' mak' slippery places for the wicked tae stand, is it no oor Christian duty tae mak' them for Him? Bring some mair watter an' this'll be a fine switchback for McNab on his way tae the Kirk the morn."



(2) "Deary me," said the Elder, "this is maist excheeleratin'; but Aw'm thinkin' it's ower muckle swinish pleasure for a Kirk Elder on a Sabbath."



(3) "The Lord aye favours His Saints, Minister. Here Aw am, the first at the Blessed Kirk on the Lord's mornin' an' a' sae canny like, a' without ony exertion barriin' a sleicht bump on ma heid that mak's ma bannet set a bit uneasy."

# "ally Sloper's Christmas Holidays."

"TUPPENCE DOES IT!"

is now ready.



## OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIG'G.

Once again, my friends and patrons, Let me place before your eyes That which cannot fail to make 'em Open with a glad surprise. Learn, oh learn, then gentle reader, Tuppence down is all you pays, For that wonderful production—"SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS." Crammed with pictures, jokes and stories, All right Christmassy, you bet; Never was a better number given to the world as yet. Thomas's cartoon and plate will Make you yell with wild delight; So will Ludlow's

snappy picture—Living Pictures (Bowing Night). And the Waltz, oh, graceful measure! Writ by Bono's master hand; Only hear it played and you must Own that it is truly grand.—Walk up, walk up! don't delay it; Let a great triumphant shout Rend the universe that "SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS" are OUT. And don't you forget it either, is the straight tip of your ever to be trusted pal—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.



WHY DID HE COME?  
(Overheard at a Cinderella.)



WHY TROUBLE  
TO LIVE  
WHEN  
you can be  
MAGNIFICENTLY  
PLANTED  
FOR 15/6

AN ADVERTISING GENIUS.  
How our new undertaker reckoned to knock spots off his rivals.

"Wot's the matter with your waist, Maria Ann?" "Nothing much; I'm only trying to reduce it to the fashionable size of eighteen inches."



First Ghost (just dropped in). Hullo! Good gracious, old man, what's the matter?  
Second Ghost. Oh! had to go out in a fog the other night—got such a cold on me I can hardly speak. Hard lines, ain't it?  
First Ghost. Rather! Getting so near Christmas, too—just our luckiest time!

He. No; I don't hold with dancing.  
She. Perhaps you dance without holding.



THE CASE OF REBELLIOUS JOHNNY.

Dulcie. What! you in the corner again, Johnny! What have you been doing to-day?  
Johnny. I harn't doin' nuthin'. Teacher wanted to stuff us up that oysters grew in beds, an' I said, "Ga on!" 'cos I ain't never found any in mine!

## ALLY-CAMPANE.

THE deed is done—the battle's won—and we are among the survivors left to tell the tale. The task of publishing the "CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS" has been a great one, but we are pleased to say we have carried it to a successful issue. Each and every one connected with its publication have stuck to their post manfully, and now the paper is being distributed broadcast throughout the civilized world. The scene last Monday in Shoe Lane resembled a police raid on a betting club more than anything else. When the doors of "The Slopers" were opened at 9 a.m. the rush of the populace was so great that not even our Fighting Editor could withstand it. Nevertheless, we have still two or three copies in hand, which we are still willing to part with for the paltry sum of twopence.



"Award of Merit" upon J. F. BARNES, because he knows how to catch the car. "Right for once, Feyther," chortled the Cerulean-Eyed. "Barnes's songs do catch the ear, an' no error. Blow me, for a fishy-eyed old jossler like you, you're a wonder at spottin' talent." But at that moment something caught Alexandry's ears pretty heavily, and with a heart-piercing yell he fled from the paternal wrath.

MESSRS. RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS have a big reputation to live up to as Christmas Card Manufacturers, and in commenting upon their artistic productions this season, it is perhaps only necessary to say that they are fully up to the high standard of excellence obtained by this celebrated firm. Combining striking novelty of design with high artistic merit and cheapness in price, Messrs. Tuck's goods may be asked for with confidence and satisfaction.

WE shall see a good deal of the Serpentine Dance, says a contemporary, in the drawing-rooms this winter. Young ladies who have acquired a certain proficiency in the manipulation of their skirts are now anxious to shine as Serpentine dancers, though much of the effect of this dance will doubtless be lost in private, through the absence of limelight. M'yes. What a treat has the party-goer in store for him. The Serpentine Dance is about played out on the stage, but when a number of young lady amateurs inflict it on us—well, we don't like to appear ungallant, but we cannot help remarking, the Fates preserve us!

Flat racing having terminated for the season, what will the sharps now do for a living? Probably many of them will pester Fleet Street and its vicinity with their obnoxious and unwelcome carcasses. If such prove the case, we shall be quite ready for them. There are several nice muddy pools in the neighbourhood to which we should be very pleased indeed to introduce them.

It now seems practically certain that China has absolutely no earthly chance against the Japs. The latter have time and again proved themselves immeasurably superior in skill and courage, and China's millions are useless against such odds. Sympathy is always with the little 'un, and truly Japan, with its comparatively small but wonderfully well drilled army, deserves all the credit of its numerous victories.

If we were asked to enumerate the most successful pieces at present being played in the Metropolis we should not find the task a very difficult one. Among the first three we should certainly place *The New Boy* and *Charley's Aunt*. The success attained by these two comedies is really remarkable. It will be a long time, we should say, before it will be found necessary to change the bills at either the Globe or Vaudeville.

In reviving *Money*, John Hare proves conclusively that he is in thorough touch with the London playgoer. Everyone seems pleased to give a hearty welcome to an old Comedy which served to entertain and delight our grandfathers. The genial John has spared no expenditure in mounting the play, scenery and dresses being superb. Care and great attention must also have been bestowed in choosing the company to interpret the Comedy. It is most certainly as strong as could possibly have been selected, and will, undoubtedly, bear comparison with that of any other theatre in London.



OWING to the recent outcry against fever-spreading watercress, winkles and muffins will form the staple articles of diet at Mrs. Sloper's third "At Home."

## ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

CHRISTMAS is coming! Christmas is coming! Christmas is coming! This cry seems during the last week or two to have been dinning into our ear both day and night. Well, let it come. We are ready for it. And so, it seems, are a good many of our Music-Halls. In spite of the fact that the Pantomime will rob them of a goodly few of their star artistes, it does not necessarily mean that the Halls will be barren of talent. In an interview the other evening with Vernon Dowsett, that genial gentleman informed A. SLOPER that his Christmas Programme would even excel the one he is at present running. If this really proves the case the Christmas entertainment at the Tivoli will really be worth witnessing.

WE have just received a copy of the Railway Reform leaflet, with a request to review it. The principal thing that strikes us about this publication is that it advocates the hanging of all railway directors. Every one must admit that this is really an excellent means of ridding ourselves of a "necessary evil." But who is to enact the character of executioner? Perhaps the editor of the leaflet will himself oblige.

ALTHOUGH it may sound conceited to say so, there can be no possible doubt but that our Christmas publications this year have confiscated all the cakes and confectionery that have hitherto been manufactured. Just for example, we should like to draw your attention to our "Judy Annual for 1895," upon which we have conferred the title of "Footlights," and for which we charge the nominal sum of one shilling. Did you ever see anything like it in your lives? You must certainly purchase a copy—that is to say, if you desire to find life really worth living. Its contents appeal to the Peasant as much as to the Peer. If you order direct from the office, please remit one and threepence in stamps. You will then not only receive the book post free, but we shall throw in the elaborate packing for nothing.

THE Stanley Show at the Agricultural Hall has again been the means of showing how vast an industry is this making of cycles, and what an immense number of people in every grade of society have an interest in wheeling. Now that the fair ones have taken so resolutely to the pastime, the manufacturers' field of operation has been largely increased, and numerous are the beautiful ladies' machines; and varied and pleasing the selection of garments in which the fair cyclist may array her form. The vast improvements which have been made in machines are within the memory of us all, but we have no doubt that with so many clever makers at work we shall have plenty more.

GOOD old "Labby" has again successfully carried his colours to the fore. The verdict in the *Macmillan v. Labouchere* libel action was certainly in favour of the plaintiff, but as it only carried with it a farthing damages without costs it was virtually a verdict for the plaintiff. Labouchere's libel actions seem to be getting almost proverbial. He seems as irrefragable as a Jack-in-the-box, and any amount of sitting upon does not suffice to keep him down.

YES, it is most certainly true that A. SLOPER was present in the building during the police raid at the Albert Club. Luckily, though, he is of slender build, and just at the moment the constabulary were entering the room he managed to crawl up a stove pipe. The stove pipe in question was pretty foul at the time, but now it will certainly not require sweeping for the next three months.

To prevent misunderstanding we desire to point out that *Larks'* Christmas Number is entirely distinct from the weekly edition. The former costs a penny, and is the best collection of Christmas stories and pictures for the money; the latter, as all the world knows, is the greatest ha'penny comic ever published.

GOOD old Cattle Show! Despite the agricultural depression, it still remains as important a fixture as ever—indeed, more so, as with the impossibility of growing corn profitably, it behoves the farmer who would keep out of the Bankruptcy Court, to pay more attention than ever to the careful breeding of prime stock. It is true that the annual fixture at Islington has lost many of the characteristics which distinguished it in bygone days; the old-time yeoman has given place to a different class of farmer, who is not the guileless stranger to London as was his predecessor, who was wont to make the Cattle Show the occasion of his yearly visit to the Metropolis. That there is a marked improvement in all breeds of cattle is unquestionable, and the Aged Agriculturist wishes the Show the success which has hitherto attended it.



## A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 15TH, 1894.

9th December, 1890.—A service held in St. John's Church, Great Marlborough Street, was much disturbed by the behaviour of Margaret Griffin, a woman of lady-like appearance who, refusing to take advantage of an opportunity given her of going quietly away, was given in charge. She this day appeared before Mr. Hannay, and accounted for her conduct by the fact that a great deal of trouble that she had had lately caused her to pray with greater fervour than it was the custom to do in church—"I believe you were here on Monday morning?" remarked Mr. Hannay. "Yes, sir; I must admit that I had too much to drink on Saturday," replied Mrs. Griffin: "but—" "Twenty shillings or fourteen days this time," laconically interrupted Mr. Hannay. "Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Griffin. "So much for prayer!"

10th December, c. 304.—St. Eulalie's Day.

"Si le soleil rit le jour Sainte Eulalie, Il y aura pommes et cidre a folie."

Longfellow obviously refers to this proverb in *Evangeline*. "The sunshine of St. Eulalie" is believed by the Norman Acadians to load their orchards with apples.

11th December, 1888.—A Vienna correspondent this day reports that a wild beast tamer was torn to pieces at Hohenmuth, in Bohemia by a performing tiger.

12th December, 1880.—A London newspaper bearing this date says:—A Parisian policeman, noticing a coachman reclining on the cushions in the interior of his vehicle instead of occupying his place on the box while a fare was shopping in the Boulevard Malesherbes, opened the door with the intention of giving him a gentle reminder. He found, however, that the man paid no attention to his observations, and on looking more closely discovered that he was insensible. Every attempt was made to revive the cab-driver, but in vain. The carbolic exhalations from the footwarmer with which the vehicle was heated had suffocated him while indulging in a nap, and the poor man was quite dead.

13th December, 1888.—"Professor" Higgins, known as Baldwin's rival in the use of the parachute, ascended this afternoon in his balloon "Eagle" from the Eagle Tavern, Snaresbrook. When at a great height the parachute fell before Higgins could grasp it, and the balloon sailed away with the aeronaut hanging to the netting. It was feared Higgins would lose his life, but by careful manipulation he managed to descend safely at Enfield, little the worse for his perilous misadventure.

14th December, 1850.—Ann Green was this day hanged at Oxford for the murder of her child. She hung about half an hour and was pulled by the legs. When the body was placed on the dissecting table a small rattling was heard in her throat. The doctors used means to restore her to life, and her innocence of the crime of which she was accused was soon after clearly established. She subsequently married and had three children.

15th December, 1890.—The barque *James H. Hamlin*, a coasting vessel, bound from South American ports to Savannah, was last spoken at sea on this day off Navassa, when all hands were reported ill with yellow fever, and no attempt was made by the vessel which reported her to give any assistance. It appears that Captain Annis, the master of the *Hamlin*, fell ill with the fever early in December, when the mate took command. He, too, fell ill, and one after another the crew came down until not a person was left to navigate the ship. The captain had with him on board his only daughter, Miss Maud Annis, aged eighteen years, who appears to have been the last to catch the fever. With the aid of one or two sailors who managed to crawl to the deck, she navigated the vessel for several hundreds of miles, and succeeded in reaching port with a crew dead and dying.

## ABOUT "ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS."

## QUESTIONS.

1. How oft does "SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS" come out, to make us jolly?
2. How circulates it on the earth?
3. How rouses it our joy and mirth?
4. How spake the Friend of Man when he declared 'twould most successful be?
5. Its pictures—how are they portrayed?
6. Its tales, how told?—7. Its rhymes, how made?
8. How does it all our woes abstract?
9. And how upon our systems act?
10. How sells it 'mid the rich?—11. And poor?
12. The jaded brain how does it cure?
13. How feeds it every foodless mind?
14. How worketh it with all mankind?
15. How speak we when we call it "rare"?
16. And how's it stocked with Christmas fare?
17. When should we on its pages gaze?
18. And how express its meed of praise?

## ANSWERS.

- |                     |                   |                     |
|---------------------|-------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Annu-ALLY.       | 2. Univers-ALLY.  | 3. Supernatur-ALLY. |
| 4. Prophetic-ALLY.  | 5. Graphic-ALLY.  | 6. Fantastic-ALLY.  |
| 7. Poetic-ALLY.     | 8. Effectu-ALLY.  | 9. Medicin-ALLY.    |
| 10. Phenomen-ALLY.  | 11. Magic-ALLY.   | 12. Radic-ALLY.     |
| 13. Substanti-ALLY. | 14. Benefic-ALLY. | 15. Liter-ALLY.     |
| 16. Liber-ALLY.     | 17. Continu-ALLY. | 18. Emphatic-ALLY.  |

## SLOPERIAN PHILOSOPHY.

THE Height of Madness: That of your landlord's if he expects to get the rent due on the 26th inst. before March.

A beautiful calf, without eyes, tail, or ears is being shown at the Savoy Theatre in *Mirette*. It's on the back part of Miss Flo Sinjohn's leg.

It's always seemed to A. SLOPER that there's something awfully solemn in the tones of a great bell, say like Big Ben, striking midnight—especially to the man who is three or four miles from home, say he lives at Lower Tooting, and knows that his wife is sitting with a shawl round her, behind the hall door, waiting for him.

A fine old philosopher is your common or kitchen-garden wasp. He's lying in torpidity now, for he can't stand the cold weather, but he'll more than get square when the warm May sunshine comes: he'll pull himself together and, with a merry song, come forth, hunt up a huge bonfire, heat his sting, and insert it in the tender flesh of some unsuspecting child, when its mother isn't looking. It is thus that he executes the mission of his brief summer life.

It is only when a man is married, and when he has indulged in a connubial squabble, that he learns—if his wife carves at dinner—that a leg of mutton consists largely of parchment skin, indiarubber gristle, catgut, and fiddle-string sinews. Oh, it's wonderful!

There is a time in nearly every man's life when he loses all interest in politics, religion, music-hall licensing, aye, and even horse-racing. It's when he's got a touch of the good old "flu," and wants to sneeze and can't.

JUST OUT. THREEPENCE. Post Free, 4d.

## JUDY ALMANAC

FOR 1895.

A WONDERFUL SHOW OF GOOD THINGS.

59 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

ELECTRICI-TEA.

[An apparatus for the instantaneous making and pouring out of tea is the very latest thing in the higher electric circles.]



THE electric current, as people know, Has given the world felicity, From Persia to Penge, Brazil to Bow There are currents in multiplicity. O'er mountain and mansion, o'er crater and cot (Whatever be man's necessity). In zones that are Arctic or deucedly hot, Still there you will find electricity! But the latest big boon to the big B. P. Is a dynamo dealing out cups of tea! Now, Souchong is meant for the good of man, While to women 'tis true felicity. And therefore this new electrical plan

Makes tea-lovers cry "Benedicite!" Real cups of tea for the human sort It arranges with no duplicity—Yea, a boon and a blessing to cottage and Court Is Souchong by electricity, For ere you can reckon up one, two, three, Hey! presto! you're flooded with cups of tea!

TURNING THE TABLES.

It was night—black, stilly night. The jovial revelry of the latest of the midnight roysterers returning from the "smoker" had long since died away in the distance, and nought disturbed the restful silence save the love-lorn wail of some jilted feline upon the tiles, as Mrs. Whiffetapper slipped cautiously from the bed. The regular sonorous breathing of her slumbering spouse proclaimed that he was safe in the arms of Morpheus, and cautiously lighting a candle she stole silently towards the chair upon which her lord's habiliments lay scattered with all that negligence peculiar to gentlemen who retire to bye-bye with a brace of whiskies to spare.

Carefully, and with dexterity bespeaking long practice, does the lady make a rapid investigation of each pocket. There is a sound as of a clinking of silver, and then—hey! what is this—this crumpled note which causes her cheeks to blanch as she reads, and her breath to come in short, quick gasps? Striding quickly to the bedside she roughly shakes the drowsy slumberer to wakefulness, and as he struggles sleepily into a sitting posture, dashes the missive upon the coverlet before him.

"At last, John Henry," she cries, triumphantly, "at last I have discovered your perfidy. Oh, yes, you may smile, but you needn't think to deceive me. You may think I'm a poor blind fool, but I've had my eyes open all the same. Now, sir, perhaps you will be good enough to explain to me who is the minx who dares address you as her 'ownest John,' and sign herself 'your loving little Birdie'! Loving little Birdie, indeed, I'd wring her neck as soon as look at her if I had my way, so I tell you!"

To her surprise, the hardened reprobate in the bed exhibited no trace of confusion, far from it, in fact, for a smile of triumph overspread his face, as he took up the compromising missive.

"And so, Euphemia," he remarked, calmly, "I have caught you."

"Caught me, caught me, why—why, it's I who have caught you; what on earth do you mean?"

"Simply this, love," he responded, with irritating coolness, "that suspecting the manner in which my loose silver suffered, I determined to make sure who it was displayed so much interest in my pockets. If you will examine that letter by a better light, you will see that I wrote it myself. And now, Mrs. Whiffetapper, if you will be good enough to disgorge your plunder, I will considerably defer the reprimand on the subject of your conduct until the morning!"

And shaking up his pillow with the air of one who tempers justice with mercy, Mr. Whiffetapper once more addressed himself to slumber.

BELLES OF THE BUFFET.

No. 13.—THE SWAN GIRL.



A FOOLISH man in Thessalie Once made a foolish bet that he Could drink the Mediterranean Sea As darned well dry as dry could be. That foolish person tried his best To do the thing which he'd professed; But, ere a week, his hopeful breast Of its mad scheme was dispossessed. And, since that time, upon my word, I guess our readers have not heard Of any wight who's o'er preferred His claim to do such deed absurd.

But now, like that Thessalian jay,

A good round sum I fain would lay That I'll drink of brandy mixed with fizz As large a body as there is Of water in South Europe's Sea— PROVIDED that the drinks shall be, Each one of them, served out to me In Swan by swan-necked fair. For she Could keep me by her side till I Had drained ten Mediterraneans dry!

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

OLD WHEEL, LKICESTER ROW, COVENTRY, November 19th, 1894.

MY DEAR SLOPER.—Absence from town is my reason for not having thanked you earlier for the great honour you have conferred upon me. I must say that ever since you created me F.O.S. I have had the most profound admiration from everyone. I shall have the "Award" placed in my entrance hall, where it will be admired by the thousands of Sloperites that visit my large picture gallery. Believe me, yours truly, JOE VICKERS, F.O.S. (Inventor of the Portrait Watch.)

THE EDINBURGH TAVERN AND MUSEUM, MORNINGTON ROAD, REGENT'S PARK, N.W., November 22nd, 1894.

MY DEAR SIR.—As one of your devoted friends, I have to congratulate you upon the excellency of "Sloper's Pills," which are simply marvellous—in fact, I have searched "Webster" through and cannot find an adjective sufficiently forcible in praise of them. All my friends have tried them, and agree with me that they are worth much more than a guinea a box. I am pleased to inform you that my Museum is now erected, and the opening ceremony will take place early in January, when I hope to have the pleasure of your company. Yours ever, T. G. MIDDLEBROOK.

SLOPER'S ANCESTORS.

No. 8.—MULBERRY FITZFUDDLETON SLOPER. Born, 1228. Spontaneous Combustion, 1282.

MULBERRY FITZFUDDLETON SLOPER, who promptly turned up to claim the family honours, was another of the brothers whom Deeming Bluebeard had left to shift for themselves. Though lacking the fine business capabilities of Stephen Fitzdoodle, he had not been entirely unsuccessful in the world, though rumour had it that blackmail derived from the late lamented had hitherto formed the major portion of his income. Be that as it may, suffice it that the new baron turned up with a wife and several children, and a smiling countenance wholly unbecoming the solemnity of the occasion.

But Mulberry Fitzfuddleton was no hypocrite. He made an open secret of his joy at his brother's fate, indeed, he even gave a banquet to celebrate the event, in which an effigy of the deceased company promoter was burnt amid public acclamation. The new noble seemed determined to put himself on good terms with the gentry, who had begun to look somewhat askance on the house of Sloper, after the notorious events which had befallen it. Confidence was restored, and once again the banqueting hall rang with the revelry of noble guests, and the minstrel swept the harp to the wild melody of many a stirring strain.

Mulberry Fitzfuddleton, in fact, kept open house. Nothing could exceed his hospitality, and before long the orgies of the castle became famous. The baron had gathered around him a choice circle of kindred spirits, and night after night did they drain the flowing beaker until the last of them lay beneath the festive board. Though many of them were five, and even six, bottle men, Mulberry Fitzfuddleton was invariably the last to disappear, and after a plunge in the castle moat was always as fresh as paint in the morning. The fame of his cellars spread far and wide. No such sack, such canary, or eke such mead was elsewhere to be tested, and the Society papers even went so far as to assert that the king himself graced the Sloperian board on more than one occasion. As a blender of drinks grateful and comforting Mulberry Fitzfuddleton had no peer. He it was who first discovered the grateful properties of "dogsnose," and to the same genius are we indebted for egg flip, rum punch, bishop, and other delightful compounds which have since become famous.

It is undoubtedly from him that the craving for alcoholic refreshment, which has since distinguished so many of his descendants, is inherited.

But, constitution of iron as Mulberry Fitzfuddleton undoubtedly possessed, it could not for ever be proof against the continued strain imposed upon it by the Boozey Baron, as he had come to be called. No man can spend every night of his life beneath the table just as he falls, and not feel the effects of it after a time. It says much indeed for the Baron's powerful organization that he lived to see all his hardest drinking pals succumb to the effects of the sherbet before he himself kicked the bucket.

It was the Baron's birthday, and a monster banquet was held at the castle to celebrate the event. The finest vintages in the historical cellar were uncorked that night, and Mulberry Fitzfuddleton was toasted, as far as the soberest man could remember, about a hundred and twenty-seven times. When morning dawned and the vassals entered to pick up the slumbering guests, a little charred heap of still smoking ashes were all that remained of the jovial, though misguided, Mulberry Fitzfuddleton.

(To be continued next week.)

TWOPENCE.

Post free, Threepence.

JUST OUT.

ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

Nearly 100

ORIGINAL PICTURES NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

A SWEETLY PRETTY DANCE,

THE "TOTTIELARDI" VALSE,

Specially composed by the CHEVALIER L. DEL BONO.

AND A DOUBLE-PAGE PLATE, BY W. F. THOMAS

(measuring 21 in. x 15 in.)

SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS SCRAMBLE.

Amongst many other special attractions will be found

A CARTOON, BY W. F. THOMAS,

SEASONABLE ANARCHISM.

AND A LARGE DRAWING, BY HAL LUDLOW,

"LIVING PICTURES" AT THE "FRIV."

(As given on Boxing Night.)

TWENTY PAGES OF ORIGINAL PICTURES, READING and MUSIC

never before published,

TWOPENCE.

GILBERT DALZIEL,

"THE SLOPERIES," 99 SHOE LANE, FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

A NATION that Babies would fain flee from: Vaccination.  
A Nation that Sufferers should dwell in: Resignation.  
A Nation that True Lovers should keep: Assignment.  
A Nation that Criminals want to possess: Condonation.  
A Nation that Philanthropists like to capture: Donation.  
A Nation that Hypocrites should be sent to: Extermination.  
A Nation that Ranting Revivalists delight in: Fulmination.  
A Nation inhabited by Poets: Imagination.  
A Nation that British Trade often pops off to: Stagnation.  
A Nation where "Murder Most Foul" takes her abode: Assassination.

THE REVOLT OF GHIBER.

CHAPTER II.

THERE was an appalling silence in the room after the announcement that the coffee was not coffee but was tea. Eighteen lives had been sacrificed over that fatal cup, and each of the courtiers dreaded that the Bawshaw might feel that the series of regrettable mistakes might require more victims for its rectification.



"Tea!" roared the Bawshaw, as he hastily lifted the cup and tasted the contents. "So it is tea—very inferior tea, as you have already observed," he added to the Vizier. "Is it not well that the wretches who would substitute tea for coffee should suffer for their temerity?"

"It is, my lord," said the obsequious Vizier. "Such dogs do not deserve to live, in your slave's opinion."

"It is well," said the courtiers in a low murmur, as they glanced timidly round, not sure that the storm was yet past.

"Then let there be more coffee ordered at once," said the Bawshaw.

"Let the First Lord of the Sublime Kitchen see to it at once," echoed the Vizier.

"But there are no cooks," said the First Lord of the Sublime Kitchen.

"No cooks!" roared the Bawshaw.

"No cooks!" again echoed the faithful Vizier.

"Seize that miscreant, guards," pointing to the First Lord of the Sublime Kitchen, "and—but no, stay, we will wait. There has been already much blood spilt. Let him be confined in the deepest dungeon of the Palace during our sublime pleasure. Away with him!"

"And serves him right," said the Vizier. "Serves him right, but, my lord, if you will allow your slave to speak, that wretched man who but now said there are no cooks—may wild asses feed upon his father's grave—probably spoke the truth."

"Hum!" said the Bawshaw, thoughtfully; "I daresay you are right—methinks that in my haste I ordered the instant death of all the cooks, and there were but seven. But though men may die we must live. Let there be a proclamation issued at once that a skilful cook is wanted immediately at the Imperial Palace!"

"It shall be done," was hardly out of the Vizier's mouth, when



"Divil a better ye'll get than myself."

one of the guards, throwing himself on the ground, remarked:

"Be my sowl, sir, I mane yer Sublime Highness, if yez want a cook, divil a better ye'll get than myself."

"It is the Giauour!" said the Bawshaw. "What does the whelp of an accursed brood say?"

"He says he is a cook, dread lord," said the Vizier.

"A cook—a Giauour, everything he touched would be unclean!"

"Nay, my lord, an ass is an unclean thing, yet we may ride him. May we not use the Giauour as a cook?"

"It is well. Let him be cook. But let him beware his head if he defiles a son of the Prophet with unholy bacon," and the Vizier translated the order.

"Never a fear ov me, sir; shure, I'm a true Musselman, meself, glory be to St. Patrick—I mane the Prophet; and it's narry a bit of bacon, worse luck, that I've seen since I come to this blas—beautiful country."

"It is well," said the Vizier, "I suppose you can cook?"

"Cook is it? cook? I was cook on the Anna Maria brig for two voyages, and had to disguise salt beef that had been seven years in pickle; then I was French chef in a London restaurant."

"Enough, enough. My lord, we may trust the dog of a Giauour to make the coffee, and I will see by to-morrow that we have a staff of cooks who will look after the kabobs which have to be prepared for the Light of the World."

"Tis well, our Sublimity is awary"; and on that hint, the



The courtiers prostrated themselves.

courtiers prostrated themselves with forehead on floor, while the Bawshaw of Ghiber retired to the private apartment of the Harem.

(To be continued next week.)

## THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 389.—MR. FRED BONN, F.O.S.

"We have much pleasure this week in introducing to our readers a comedian of the good old sort. By good old sort we mean real funny, a gift which the modern comedian seems to altogether lack. That Fred Bonn possesses humour in abundance it is only necessary to take a casual glimpse at his face to see. A man possessing features like his can command a salary of £10 simply to exhibit them. But besides a funny face, Fred is gifted with a big voice and any amount of cheek, gifts which are as delightful as they are rare. He would have shined brightly either as call boy or Prime Minister. Chiefly because he is a first-rate comic actor Fred was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him October 6th, 1894."—*Debrett Improved.*



Mr. Henpeck. My dear, will you go to bed now?  
Mrs. Henpeck. Certainly not!  
Mr. Henpeck. Then just sit up! I'm going to show you that I'm boss in this concern!



"Shall I sing to you, George?" "Oh, no! I'd rather you talked to me, don't you know."  
[But she never spoke again all that evening.]



Barber. Your hair was very badly cut last time, sir.  
Fetm. Hang it! you did it yourself before I went to Australia!

## ANOTHER WAY OF PUTTING IT.

TIME—Just after he had popped the question.



Old Gent (pompously). I suppose you are going to ask me to accept you as a son-in-law.  
Young Gent (coolly). Not at all; I simply wish to give you an opportunity of becoming my father-in-law.



Passenger. Excuse me, sir, but that's a vile cough of yours.  
Fellow Passenger. Very likely; but it's the best I've got, anyway.



"But that's a half-crown, and two shillings would cover your fare." "I know it, guv'ner. What do yer mean by offering a cove more than his legal fare?"

## A LUCKLESS SPORTSMAN.



(1) Inquisitive Policeman. Now then, where are you off to with that lethal weapon? Bill Swamplands (up in town for the first time by Christmas excursion ticket). Whoy, Oi'm a-goin' duck-shootin', bor!—(2) Policeman. Duck-shootin'? None of yer chaff with me! Watcher mean, eh? Bill Swamplands. Whoy, yer got a river 'ere, ain't yer? I seen that on the map afore I come here—and whar there's a river there's ducks, ain't there? 'Tain't likely you ain't got better duck-shootin' 'ere than wot we 'ave in our little place! Policeman. Well, be careful with that there gun; you've pretty well broke the gentleman's nose!—(3) Bill Swamplands. Well, Oi'm sure, Oi

rally am sorry, misteg! Downright 'urt! Mr. Clittman. So am I, my man, so am I! Policeman. Now then, Baconface! tryin' to knock the old lady's nut off next, are you? Come on! I shall take you in charge, so you'd better come quiet, see? Give us 'old of that there gun!—(4) BANG!! Bill Swamplands. Thar! Oi knowed they'd do it, if they will git a-play-actin' with them air triggers! Thar's a tuppence'orth o' powder an' shot gone for nothink!—(5) "Oi'll never stir if they baint a-goin' to lock me up! All for goin' a-duckin'—an' me with a licence an' all quite reg'lar! Oi wish Oi was back in Fuddle Faa agin! These 'ere cockneys don't know nothink!"

## GIRLS BILLY'S PROPOSED TO.



Billy made the running strong for just a week; but she chucked him when she found out his aunt's allowance wouldn't even keep her in gloves. Was ever lover more unlucky?

## THE LATEST.



"Ha! and so you sing in the chorus?" "Well, we don't call it singing now. We chant, you know. The Vigilance people like it better."

## WHO COULD WONDER AT IT?



She. Is she pretty, Tom?  
He. Magnificent! Such a heavenly smile! You should have seen how she beamed upon me when I said good-bye!